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FOUR MONTHS IN EUROPE.

BY SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

That is a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return who travel out.
Cowley.

No. VIII.

The natural genius of American artists, unassisted by any advantages of matured education, has astonished those who are best able to appreciate the difficulties in the path of success among the votaries of painting. Drawn forth by adventitious circumstances, that genius has revealed itself as the future glory of America. He who, six years ago, for the first time, exercised his pencil, in a moment of extreme distress, on the sign-board of an humble inn in Kentucky, now draws, in faithful characters, the portraits of dukes and earls in the all accomplished empire of Great Britain. I allude to Harding; the most faithful delineator of the human countenance in England. The Duke of Sussex, the best, by the way, of all the Ducal brothers of George, Lord Hamilton, and many others of the nobility, have (*graciously*, as John Bull would say,) allowed him to make his fortune on their faces. Yet, previous to this success, he endured, like most poor Americans, who go to Europe, distress and trouble of no ordinary description. What his particular sufferings were, it would be of no use to specify, save that, like almost all the ills of this world, they sprung from that worst of Pandora's plagues, pitiless poverty. He is now settled in Glasgow, and prospering. I have reason to believe, as all such fearless adventurers on their genius should do.

Mr. West, after residing for several years in Italy and France, has taken up his abode in London; where he prosecutes his beautiful art with the skill of a genius and the patience of a martyr; sometimes blessed with a golden shower, and often perplexed among the mazes of fortune's intricate labyrinth. What I observed in him, I apprehend is applicable to all the

painters with whom I was acquainted in London; the due cultivation of their art or science, seems to demand so much patience, that they insensibly become hardened to the miseries of the world, and are content to experience, unmoved, all the caprices of fortune; and what is infinitely worse than the malice of that fitful torture, the insolence of those hags who let furnished lodgings; whereas, on the contrary, the exciting and bewildering nature of imaginative poetry, rather aggravates the naturally excessive irritability of its votaries, and sharpens the arrow which otherwise might not have pierced their heart. Poets and painters have generally been alike unfortunate, but in different degrees, according to the difference of their respective pursuits. The poet seldom thinks, but his thoughts flow like a boiling torrent, exhausting mind and body, barbing the nerves, and heating both head and heart. When the violent excitement is over, he is moody, peevish, averse from company, sick and sorrowful. Then he is very likely to offend even his best friends, if they chance to visit him thus inopportunely; and, as for common persons, he cares not what replies he gives to their impertinent inquiries. Therefore, he makes enemies without intending it, and embitters his usual melancholy lot by impatience and impetuosity. The painter, on other hand, is obliged to work slow; to mark this shade and observe that light; to modify, interweave, delineate, and soften the colours of his picture. If he hurries, all is lost; if he grows impatient, his painting is ruined. He must necessarily spend much time over it, and tint it, by slow touches, into the beauty that dwells in his mind. This imperative restraint of his nature, gradually extends its influence over his life; and he grows cold to his own and all the world's misfortunes; knows no pleasure beyond his painting room, and no pain beyond the impertinency of an occasional interruption. He becomes a stoic, while the poet turns a fire-worshipper; an adorer of that furious element which consumes himself and every thing else, with which it comes in contact. The one is a Brahmin, devoted calmly to his engrossing

studies; the other, a Fakeer, stretched on a bed of spikes. The one rails at the vices and wretchedness of the world; the other shrugs his shoulders philosophically, and bids it depart from his thoughts.

According to Byron's own declaration, Mr. West was the only artist who drew his portrait faithfully. That portrait I saw in the artist's painting room. It was utterly unlike any other likeness of the bard; one, who had never seen this, nor the poet, could form not the remotest idea how he looked. It is the fashion to believe that Byron's forehead was astonishingly high; but this was so far from being true, that I have seen many a forehead, projecting from the skulls of very ordinary men, much loftier than his. His hair fell back on his head, and gave his brow a much greater apparent altitude than it really possessed. His eyes were of a dull gray, very close to each other; his face and neck very full and handsome. But description is worth nothing; those who admire the bard enough to encounter a voyage, may see his likeness in Leicester Square; a likeness universally allowed to be so faithful, that 600 guineas have been offered for it and refused. The portrait of his Italian mistress, Guiccioli, the married countess—beautifully drawn by the same hand, occupied the place of Lady Byron; and throws, from her full ruby lip and voluptuous eye, a smile of wantonness, and a glance, whose magic is infamy, on the libertine husband of a forsaken woman.

Near Byron, I saw the portrait of Leigh Hunt; a very ordinary looking person. Also another, of Mr. Coke, the celebrated agriculturalist, who drank Washington's health in the midst of the American revolution; and another of Mr. Weigh, the minister of the English Chapel in Paris, an immensely rich man. All these were finely executed. Mr. West is an agreeable man, about thirty-five, of pleasant simple manners and polite address; living very much alone, and wholly devoted to his art.

I know but little of Charles R. Leslie; and that little I should be unwilling to publish. He is, I believe, prosperous in

the world. * * * * *

The other American painters are much more successful, I have reason to suppose, than the several American authors who have been, or are now, in England. The various public exhibitions and the great magnificence of the nobility and gentry, in this respect, are of infinite advantage to their profession. The exorbitant prices given for paintings, not unfrequently two or three thousand guineas, are ample reward for all the labour bestowed upon them. Besides, artists enjoy the inestimable advantage of having no regular periodical critics, licensed or unlicensed, installed over their works, to prepossess the public in favour of one and against another. They are not troubled with the hebdomadal published comments of those self-constituted autocrats, whose ignorance is equalled only by their impudence. The public behold and judge for themselves. Every one expresses, verbally, his own opinion, and it passes for just what the opinion is worth. Sometimes they criticise each other; sometimes they publish bitter complaints, as Mr. Haydon has lately done, and as Faseti and Barry formerly did. But these occasional hickerings among themselves are evils to which rival members of all professions must patiently submit. Here there are no intruders; no foreign Areopage, no literary Coscocks, no Tartar Chams or Kouli Khans, to dictate and prescribe, like the blockhead emperor of Austria to the colleges of Italy. The arts flourish more than literature in France, England, and America; and the true reason of their superior prosperity is to be found in their freedom, generally, from all dogmatic reviews. For as genius declines in any land, the age of criticism always ensues; as the folly of refinement and the torrent of vice followed the downfall of chivalry.

When our forefathers guided the front of battle in a bloody civil war, or when their minds were intensely occupied with the great cares of government, they could have had little leisure and less inclination to cultivate those refined and refining arts which require, above all things, perfect serenity of thought, and peace, and prosperity. They were laying the immovable foundations of a vast commonwealth, which should be the envy of monarchies and the wonder of nations; they justly esteemed themselves before the eyes of their posterity; they beheld kings and emperors intently watching the issue of their daring adventure. When their labours were finish-

ed, the people of the United States were too busy in providing for their daily wants, to cultivate any arts or sciences, save those immediately conducing to their interest and welfare. From our colleges many young men of talents yearly issued, not to spend their lives inter sylvas amœnas academici, but in the engrossing occupations of law, medicine, or theology. The time had not yet arrived, when men, as Fellows, might pass their lives in indolence among extensive libraries, selfishly gratifying their own individual tastes, without regard to the nation that gave them birth. Literary works were few and indifferent, men were occupied in more hurrying and more necessary pursuits. But, one by one, poets and novelists arose. Robert Treat Payne first appeared, and was followed by several others; but the strong love of country prevailed, and that genius, which proper cultivation would have immortalized, forsook the hill of Parnassus for the allurements of less innocent pleasures. Then Brown arose, unheeded, and shone awhile with a preternatural light, which his countrymen could not or did not behold. After awhile, *The North American Review*, now second to no periodical in Great Britain in ability, and superior to all in general candour, started, feebly at first, and struggled on for years but little known, till Everett and his coadjutors revealed to America the genius of her sons.

A new epoch now succeeded. Literature seemed to spring at once into being among us, and poets, critics, philosophers, and moralists, stood by the side of legislators. Yet many were dissatisfied with the insignificant rewards of genius; and forsook the land whose infant literature could not support them—some to reflect, in a distant country, continual honour on the republic of their birth, and some to calumniate the mother that bore them. When we hear of one who has gone to his long home, we know not, we cannot conceive the multitude of sorrows that hurried him to the grave. When we hear of one celebrated in arts or arms, we cannot paint the disasters he has endured to attain his proud elevation. No more can an American, amid the enjoyment of his simple happiness, imagine what troubles his literary countrymen in England have endured. At intervals, their names have been borne, with applause, to the land of their birth; but, had the most enthusiastic devotee to literature heard, as the writer has too often heard from their own lips, the tale of their

sufferings, he would never desire to see the land of his pilgrim-fathers, unless amply provided with gold, to be scattered like the whirlwind.

Deeply, I have no doubt, all American authors in Europe lament the day that parted them from the land of freedom. But, by and by, each will tell his own tale in his own land, better than I could do, even were liberty granted me to reveal the history of their many sufferings.

The rewards of genius in England, though very great, are inadequate to the pressing wants of a vast multitude of authors. It is just as impossible that a poet or novelist, unblest with any opportunity to make himself the lion of the day, should exist on his writings in England as it is in the United States. If, like Byron, or Lady Caroline Lamb, he can contrive to make himself notorious by some great sin or folly, why, his fortune is made. If he is favoured by nature with some monstrous deformity, out of the line of ordinary humanity, like Dr. James McHenry, he may exhibit himself with John Dunn Hunter and Monsieur Louis, and retire, after awhile, with ten thousand pounds, to oblivion. Let him consult Asmodeus, Dr. Faustus, or any other approved necromancer, and change himself into a centaur, a flying bull, an invisible pander, or a *Forst geister*, and he will have no reason to complain of neglect. But, without some magical aid, he can never succeed on the score of merit.

His countrymen little know what troubles even the careful and prudent Irving had to encounter before his pretty writings succeeded among the English. The veil, however, should not be lifted from the mysterious agonies of literature; for none would enter the enchanted precincts, if the sufferings of futurity were revealed. The exaggerated prosperity of Irving allured many an author across the Atlantic—to meet with sorrow and disappointment; many a one, like Neal, who, without the ease and elegance, possesses twice the genius of the author of the *Sketch Book*. Years elapsed before the sun of prosperity dawned upon them; but pride restrained their return, and they chose rather to endure the afflictions of a foreign land, than the ill-suppressed scorn of their own. Irving is very popular among certain classes in England; but others speak of him with little ceremony. He is now resident in Madrid, assiduously studying the Spanish, for the purpose, as I understand, of trans-

lating some private manuscripts of Columbus, which have been discovered among the archives of government.

Having already expressed my opinion of Neal, it remains but to say, that the true secret of his attacks on America was the illiberality of England. He wrote many papers, eulogizing his country—our country, as it deserved: but none of them were published. Distress came upon him; trouble and misery were on either hand. Four months had flown since he first endeavoured to subserve the cause of American literature; and he had not received a penny for his various labours. Starvation or abuse was his only alternative; what could he do? what would any man do under the same circumstances? His novel, *Brother Jonathan*, had been refused in the most insulting way, by several publishers, whom he had proudly informed of the blasting truth—he was an American; a low, barbarous Yankee. He had written the novel, long as it is, seven times over; a labour I would not have performed for all the novels under the sun. At last, in a moment of despair, he sat down and wrote an article for *Blackwood*. It was abrupt, incoherent, and severe; and it pleased Sir Christopher North; wherefore, he continued to calumniate his country, because as a human being, he had certain necessities to supply for the support of nature. Not a single magazine in London, notwithstanding their boasted liberality, would publish an article written in the spirit of candid praise. Our countrymen may make what comments they please on the course which Neal has pursued; the writer makes none; he has stated facts; others may deduce consequences. Neal is now domesticated with the celebrated Jeremy Bentham; living in all enjoyment and prosperity. Whether he will ever return is problematical; but, for his own sake, I hope not soon.*

* I must here direct a few words to that most omniscient and infallible paper, which is appellated *The United States' Literary Gazette*. It may be remembered that about a twelvemonth since, Mr. John Neal was extensively implicated in that desperate abuse and personal invective which have been so often lavished on others—both ladies and gentlemen, in that Gazette. He was then termed, as a Mr. John Neal, a madman, a fool, a slanderer, and so forth; the author of books which no one could read, the assertor of things which all believed untrue—meaning by all, probably, the immaculate editor or his crony anonymous. Now look upon the reverse. A late number of this Gazette contains nearly a closely printed page on the

Popular Tales

KATE OF WINDIEWA'S.

The scene of my story lies in a little cold and nameless nook of ground, which nature has neglected or refused to embellish; and as I have no wish to be wiser than nature, I shall let the green, and the purple, and the golden tints of gay description make beds of roses, and bowers of jasmine, and banks of flowers, for other stories that may need them; for I shall adhere to the honest and homely hues of the land—the standing colours of nature, each beautiful in its place, as snow is in its season. The ground indeed is as old as other ground, and the same sun shines on it which warms more noted places; it lies too in the midst of a populous county, and nigh an old and opulent town; but near it no blood has ever been spilt, no lordly person has lived and no poet has thought its daughters—and some of them were lovely, and all modest—worth one passing perishable verse. Thus is the place without a name; and to the eye of a stranger it has few attractions. Imagine a little round knoll studded with cabins of stone, rising like an island amid an immense morass, with a long winding and miry way leading into it from the mainland—a few idle mothers dandling their offspring on their knees, and, sitting each on her own threshold, sending the tale of merriment or malice round; while their husbands, towards nightfall, may be seen plodding their way homeward along the narrow footpaths, which intersect the moss; and as they approach, you may hear the yell and the cry with which a numerous progeny of children, barefooted and bareheaded, hail the sight of their fathers. The cry of the lapwing and the bittern may be subject of a well-written article in the *Westminster Review*, which relates particularly to America; this article is pronounced “interesting and instructive.” By it Neal is a madman—worthy of no notice; and Neal is the author of that article! Excellent critic! My authorities for this assertion are Mr. Neal himself, and Mr. Bowring, the editor of the *Westminster*. I am surprised to see it asserted in some of our journals, that Mr. Neal is “as poor and miserable as wandering poets generally are.” Nothing can be more untrue: for he is the guest of Jeremy Bentham, and (not much to his credit, certainly, as an American,) one of the most popular magazine writers in England. I saw him very frequently in London, and his expenses of various kinds, his liberality, his style of living, all demonstrated that he wanted not the enjoyment of this world's eldorado.

mentioned, in the absence of the music of the lark and the thrush: and there were seen the wild swan and the heron—the former feeding amid the herbage on the banks of a deep and sluggish brook, and the latter standing with his body drawn stately up, his neck arched, his bill downward, and his eye intent on the waters—the presence of these two beautiful creatures, which seclusion and a marsh can only purchase, made some atonement for the cold scene of irreclaimable barrenness which lay around. In summer, indeed, the swelling parts of the morass waved purple with heath-blossom, and the blossom again hung brown with bees—in the brook, and the little lakes, the wild duck sailed, among the reeds and the rushes, with her orange tawny brood—the lapwing skimmed along, brushing with its wings the white heads of canna; while the distant song of the country maiden might be heard, as she turned the fuel to the wind and sun, which her lover's spade had cut; or she might be seen gathering cranberries, or plucking the meadow-queen, and the marsh iris. Truth will allow me to do no more for this little nameless nook; and I may not unaptly conclude my notice with the advice which a crazy vagrant gave to a company of miners, who were exploring the land for coal: “I advise ye to dig,” said he, “in Glenlochar-moss; if ye dinna get coals, ye'll get peats.”

Fame is a fickle lady, and I love her for it—she has no hereditary attachments—we cannot secure a monopoly of the capricious will-o'-wisp light which she sheds at pleasure on the lofty and the low. The spot on which she displays her banner, and winds her horn to-day, is made into pasture for geese, and pens for swine, to-morrow; and the name round which she now twines her bays, and showers her honours, will descend to oblivion soon, as some names have descended, which, short while ago, wore fortune's chiefest favours in their caps, while some little barren spot will shine in its turn, and stand consecrated for a time. And even so it fared with the lonely nook of earth where my tale must find a resting place—the fame which it failed to find from the wisdom of its sons, and the frugality of its daughters, was obtained for it by a gay and a giddy girl—minstrel's song and menial's story are now busy with the barren place—and the inhabitants date all their legendary renown from the day on which they saw Kate of Windieva's.

It befel between summer and harvest, when men feel the edge of their sickles, and the farmer goes shoulder deep among his standing corn, rubbing the ripe heads between his hands, and tasting the quality of his crop, that a sudden thunder-shower dispersed the reapers, who had assembled on the skirts of the first ripe field in the district; and as there was no immediate shelter, they sought the readiest way to their several homes. Our story must follow the steps of one of the reapers—a young man some twenty years old, and the son of two old cottagers who lived in the little village of Glenlochar; I think I see him standing before me, in the same dress, and with the same looks, he wore when his name pointed the proverb, and his story ministered mirth to the district. Well made, and tall, with a smooth and ruddy face—fair hair, which his mother loved much, and himself more—for he carried it curled to all the fairs, and preachings, and dancings, in the country side distinguished in the parish church for his contests in psalmody with the precentor; and in fairs for his two vests of sky-blue and scarlet, and a curling superabundance of locks—he thought every fair face fancied him, and every dark eye desired him. He complained that blue eyes robbed him of his rest, and that black eyes disturbed his dreams; and as he walked to church or market, he would eye his shadow in the sun, and think himself a handsome youth. When the girls walked before him, he thought it was for the purpose of glancing over their left shoulder to admire his face—if they walked behind him, it was to look at his well made leg—if they walked beside him, it was for the sake of his company, and from an admiration of his person and his wit. And it must be confessed that he was frequently present in maiden's thoughts. They would cross his way at a country fair, saying "Come let us wile a fairing from soft Sandie Roseboro."

He united, as was common in more primitive times, the pursuits of farmer and mechanic—he could make a plough, and plough with it—he could sow a field, and he could reap it—he made the flail with which he thrashed his corn, and he built the barn in which he winnowed it. With the sons of the ploughshare his merits were summed up in a sagacious saying, since become proverbial—"It's like the ploughmanship of Sandie Roseboro, there's more whistling than red land!"—

it was imagined that his promise always exceeded performance. Nor with the mechanics and rustics of the district did his merits stand much higher—the old masons shook their heads, and said he was "scrimp to the gage"—the pavior eyed him as he walked past, and said, "He'll no stand the rammer:" the shoemaker who made his shoes said he had not sense to spit over the awls: and the gardener declared he lacked wit to keep the worms from the kail. Even one of the witty maidens of the parish—young Bess of Brandyford, said, "Silly Sandie Roseboro, I sat by his side for a stricken hour, and he had nae the sense to snuff out the candle."

As Alexander hastened home, the cloud shifted, the thunder grew more remote, and the plashing shower was succeeded by large drops, each of a minutes interval—the benediction of the departing storm. He had reached the place where he was obliged to part with the public road, and dive into the long and winding mossy way which led to his father's house. A milestone stood by the way-side, and on it was seated a fair young woman—dressed somewhat more gaily than was at that time common to country maidens. A hat and feathers, a long flowered mantle, and striped slippers, seemed utterly out of keeping, as painters express it, with the bleak expanse before her, and the miry way on which she was travelling. The thunder-plump, as the peasantry call a thunder shower, had indeed somewhat disordered her finery—the feathers, and the scarf of silk, afforded small shelter from such a pelting blast: and now, as the rain had passed away, and the four o'clock sun shone from beneath the moving cloud, the maiden began to shake off the moisture, and replume herself for her journey. When Sandie beheld this apparition, he began to edge towards the side of the way—the flowered scarf betokened riches—and the feathers spoke of rank: he had never before seen, as he afterwards declared, long feathers in any other place than the peacock's tail and Lady Dasha-wa's bonnet—and no wonder that a strange awe came o'er him. As he glided along, he managed to steal a look or two at this gorgeous dame, and every glance diminished his awe for her supposed rank and visible beauty: he saw her eyes—two large blue ones, and deeply fringed with long dark seductive eyelashes, followed after him with a look of as much love as

supplication—he made not altogether a halt and turn, but he moved in a kind of circuitous route towards her—like a lark under the influence of an adder's fascination: the saints above, and the maidens below, forgive me for this unwary comparison. She busied herself with her scarf, adjusted her bonnet and feather on the summit of a bushel of curled locks, abundance of which she allowed to escape down her neck, and over her temples; and then, standing up fair and stately, she confronted the rustic, whose heart smote hard at his side, and whose knees nearly knocked against each other—so far did the presence of this lady of imagined rank overpower him. "Young man," said the wandering damsel, "how far am I from a city, or a gentleman's house? I am weary, having wandered far, and suffered much, and still dreading lest I may be pursued and overtaken;—and then she looked along the road, and said, "Is that the sound of chariot wheels I hear coming? If my father finds me, my peace is over on earth. Is there no place, young peasant, where I can conceal myself for a time? I shall have it in my power, when I am twenty-one, and that will be soon, to requite such kindness largely." And she looked Sandie full in the face; and the nodding of her feathers, and the rustling of her scarf, and the sparkling of treble string of bugle beads, each as valuable in his sight as the diamond eye which Crusoe purloined from the brow of the great Chinese god, Chou-Chong Thougon; and above all, the persuasion of two moist blue eyes, a face oval and regular, and a neck which needed no rank to recommend it—round, and long, and white—all combined to influence the mind of honest Sandie Roseboro; and he faltered forth, in what he called his best Bible English, something which sounded like an invitation to his father's house. "And yet," said he, relapsing somewhat into homely provincial, as side by side, he walked with the maiden along the way to Glenlochar, "I'm no so sure that my mother will make ye mair than welcome—for shining silks, and rustling satins, and plumed bonnets, she holds as abominations, and as matters which entice youths astray—it was but lately that in the very middle of the kirk, when charity came from people's pockets to the poor's-box like thaw from the north—drop by drop; and who so backward as one or two of our gaudy madams; my mother started up, and exclaimed, 'Hand the ladle to

their nose there—they come here shining in silks and in scarlets, and never a penny in their pocket to poor Lazarus. Haud the ladle to their nose there!—So ye see she is a bauld body, and outspoken—and now I think on't, it's a mercy ye have nothing red in your dress, else she might fling her bible at ye're feathers, and cry, 'Out of my house, thou scarlet abomination'—it's a mercy the colour of your cloak is not scarlet—it's as much as I can manage to wair a scarlet waistcoat once a week—and I am her only begotten son."

The maiden smiled at the apprehensions of her conductor, and said, "Be ye not afraid I shall seek thy mother's hearth like a wayfarer of old—to wash my feet—to taste of her bread, and drink of her milk, and rest, and bless the house in the morning, and continue my flight. Are ye sure, young man, that the sound we hear is not the prancing of horses, and the rattling of chariot wheels?" "Chariot wheels!" said Sandie; "a chariot wheel never rolled among our quagmires; and unless your pursuers are winged like geese, and web-footed like wild ducks, they will never follow you into Glenloch." "Let us go forward, then," said she; "I would rather wed the meanest peasant that cuts turf in that desert than marry the man of my father's choice, though he offered me a head-dress of diamonds that would buy a lord's land, and a bridal garment that would stand alone with beaten gold. I would spin wool—comb flax—cut corn and ted bap, and at night lie down with one I love on a bed of rushes, rather than dine in gold plate and lie down in misery." Sandie stopt—chafed his hard palms together, till they almost smoked with friction—gazed at her from the plume to the slipper, and from the slipper to the plume, and then said, "Aye, aye; talk that way, madam—or whatever I should call you—that's the way to go to my mother's heart, and open the door of her cupboard:" and with such like discourse they reached Glenloch.

Old Elspa, his mother, was seated by her hearth-fire—a plaid pinned about her shoulders, a pair of spectacles on her nose—while before her was spread, in all the extent of folio, the works of that sound and mysterious divine, Richard Flavel—she sighed when she came to passages too deep and too full of meaning to be readily understood—and she sighed often—and was heard to exclaim, "Heigh, sirs, he's a

dark and terrible divine." She heard the sound of feet, and the conference of tongues, on the threshold; and without lifting her head, she said, "What young woman's foot is that which comes with thine, Alexander? If it be that giddy and dancing damsel Jenny Proudfoot, the wrong side of my door be to her—but if it be that douce lass Peggy Cameron, let her come ben—her name is a dear name—and a bold name was it in a blacksliding time, and a kind welcome shall it aye have frae me. But, God protect his poor handmaid, what's to happen now? Here's silks, and satins, and fine twined linen—three rows of precious stones round the neck, and a plume of feathers aboon the brow, high enough to disturb the spiders in my poor home. What's to happen now?" And, rising from her seat, she looked on the stranger with an eye of respectful, but suspicious scrutiny, "Happen now, mother!" said her only son—"Here's a young lady escaped from the castle of Windiewa's, and all because she refused to marry an old knight—with hollow eyes and sapless bones—preferring as a lady should, a handsome man in hose and doublet to a death's-head and thigh bones served up in embroidered sheets. Dust down the best chair, and lay something soft upon it, that she may be seated—and thrav the neck of my gray hen, and make something warm and nourishing. I ken what it is to run a long road myself, rather than wed against my will. There was the time," said he to the stranger, "when my mother there wanted me to wed Peg Crummie—with one eye, three teeth, and threescore acres of land. First I was so smothered with anger that I knocked our big pot till it gave over ringing—and then I was so touched with grief, that I ran wild round the moss for two days and nights, and baptized foot could not overtake me; and, lastly, I grew wicked, and, who will believe it? I fell into a great ramble for three days and three nights, and spent four pence halfpenny."

"Chain thy tongue, Sandie," said the old woman, "and let me talk to this maiden—it's no her painted dress, and her plume of feathers, and three rows of shining beads, that will make her pass for a lady with me. An she be lady born and lady brought up, I have the charm that will try her—hand me thy father's bible. The good book of a good man, miss or madam—printed in black print in the times

of the persecution, and it's high time that ye saw it, if ye never saw it before. Here—before ye take a seat, touch bread, or taste milk, in my house, read me, and read it clear and lady-like, this precious passage of the prophet where he lifts up his voice against the pride and abomination of woman's dress, never was his voice so much wanted in the land as now. I saw James Johnstone's daughter, with three rows of ruffles round her neck and seven round her kirtle, at the kirk on Sunday, and the very minister could na expound the word for looking at her, read it, I say; and read it without a mistake or a stumble, an thou be a lady."

The young woman took the book with a reverent hand and a devout look, and she laid fingers long and white and plump over the pages stained by smoke and long use, with an awe worthy of a divine. "I should hold myself undeserving of shelter in a godly person's house," said she, "if I could do no more than read the celebrated prophecy against the enormity of a woman's apparel. The word was not taught me in a way so remiss, take, therefore, the book again, and I will repeat thee the passage, word for word, with a precision like a priest, and a tone befitting a lady." And closing the Bible, she proceeded with her task.

"Because the daughters of Zion are naughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet; the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires, like the moon; the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers; the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs, and the head bands and the tablets and the ear-rings; the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles and the wimples and the crisping pins, the glasses and the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils. And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet smell, there shall be —."

"Enough, enough!" said the old woman; "ye have repeated the word more like a minister of the gospel than a lady; be seated, therefore, and feel that ye're seat be soft—and Sandie, my lad, go chase and slay the fat hen, and ye shall see how I can serve a lady, and one who has such a lady-like hand too, and repeats Scripture with a grace excelling even the Reverend Elibu Gowlawa—a preacher of

hearkened to in my youth. And away Sandie flew in delight, in pursuit of the gray hen; his mother trimmed her hearth fire, and strove to give her homely dwelling the look of a place fit for the reception of a lady; and the lady herself removed her mantle and bonnet, bound up her ringlets with a fillet of silk, and assumed a meek sedateness of deportment, worthy of one who had learned by heart the chapter of denunciation against female extravagance.

The news soon flew over moss and moorland, that a young lady—a miracle of beauty, clothed in silk, and shining in diamonds, had fled from her father's house, and the embrace of an ancient bridegroom, and was now to be seen in the little smoky cottage of Sandie Roseboro, in the misty village of Glenlochar. A runaway lady, and more particularly a runaway bride, is always an object of curiosity; and when beauty, and riches, and a spirit of humility and modesty, formed some of the attributes of the fair fugitive, who could resist the wish of beholding her? and little pride must pertain to that heart which wished not to be distinguished by one of her kindest looks, and by words whispered in secret. And so it fared with the young men of the neighbouring district. The long narrow lane, which led through the morass, presented a succession of waders equal in extent to a flock of wild geese; and their marchings, and whisperings, around the house which contained the fair stranger, might be compared to the afore-said geese when they descend from the snowy cloud, and, alighting in pairs on the margin of the brook, raise such a clang and a din that all the meadows resound. But the prudent and devout mother of Alexander Roseboro had too much respect for the fame of a young lady, whose gift at reciting scripture rivalled Elihu Gowler to allow the profane youth of the land to enter her dwelling; besides, the old woman, pious as she was, and weaned from the things of this life as much as a woman of fifty may well be, thought, as she looked on her fair visiter, that she was but flesh and blood, an heir of corruption, and, what was better, an heir of riches—had an eye, a kind of bright John-come-woo-me-now eye; and, as a daughter of Eve, must have a strong inclination towards matrimony. And then she looked on her own son, a hale and a ruddy youth; and she observed with joy that the eyes of the young lady sometimes glanced the

same way; and she called to mind that love was a thing which dropt as the dew does, on all alike; that marriage she had ever said, and so had sound divines, was an affair of destiny; and it was ordained that the rich young lady should fall in love with her son, who could repine at such a dispensation? There was Lady Kipples fell in love with serjeant Macraw, and brought him out of the Scots Fusileers, and married him in spite of all her kin; and Alexander Roseboro, praised be the Maker, was a finished piece of work compared to the love of Lady Kipples.

(To be Continued.)

Literary Varieties.

ANALECTS

FROM

JOHN PAUL RICHTER.

(Concluded.)

THE STARS.

Look up and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

MARTYRDOM.

To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus de Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity: but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goodness.—Then also the temple, oh eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth—made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar, on which it rests, will be fixed in the grave of martyr.

THE QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.

Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is that

we hard fields of ice shock together so harshly, whilst all the while under the sun-beams of a little space of seventy years we are rapidly dissolving.

DREAMING.

But for dreams, that lay Mosaic worlds tessellated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep, the antechamber of the grave, were not hung by dreams with the busts of those in the other world.

TWO DIVISIONS OF PHILOSOPHIC MINDS.

There are two very different classes of philosophical heads, which, since Kant has introduced into philosophy the idea of positive and negative quantities, I shall willingly classify by means of that distinction. The *positive* intellect is, like the poet, in conjunction with the outer world the father of an inner world; and, like the poet also, holds up a transforming mirror in which the entangled and distorted members as they are seen in our actual experience enter into new combinations which compose a fair and luminous world: the hypothesis of Idealism (i. e. the Fichtean system) the Monads and the pre-established Harmony of Leibnitz—and Spinozism are all births of a genial moment, and not the wooden carving of logical toil. Such men therefore as Leibnitz, Plato, Harder, &c. I call positive intellects; because they seek and yield the positive; and because their inner world, having raised itself higher out of the water than in others, thereby overlooks a larger prospect of islands and continents. A negative head, on the other hand, discovers by its acuteness—not any positive truths but the negative truths (i. e. the errors) of other people. Such an intellect, as for example Bayle, one of the greatest of that class, appraises the funds of others, rather than brings any fresh funds of his own. In lieu of the obscure ideas which he finds he gives us clear ones: but in this there is no positive accession to our knowledge; for all, that the clear idea contains in development, exists already by implication in the obscure idea. Negative intellects of every age are unani-

mous in their abhorrence of every thing positive. Impulse, feeling, instinct—every thing in short which is incomprehensible. they can endure just once: that is, at the summit of their chain of arguments as a sort of hook on which they may hang them, but never afterwards.

DIGNITY OF MAN ON SELF-SACRIFICE.

That, for which man offers up his blood or his property, must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself will hazard all in defence of her child: in short, only for the nobility within us, only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit: but this nobility, this virtue, presents different phases: with the Christian martyr it is faith; with the savage it is honour; with the republican it is liberty.

FANCY.

Fancy can lay only the past and the future under her copying paper; and every actual presence of the object sets limits to her power: just as water distilled from roses, according to the old naturalists, lost its power exactly at the periodical blooming of the rose.

The older, the more tranquil, and pious a man is, so much the more holy does he esteem all that is *innate*, that is, *feeling* and *power*: whereas in the estimate of the multitude whatsoever is *self-acquired* the ability of practice and science in general, has an undue pre-eminence; for the latter is universally appreciated and therefore even by those who have it not, but the former not at all. In the twilight and the moonshine the fixed stars, which are suns, retire and veil themselves in obscurity; whilst the planets, which are simply earths, preserve their borrowed light unobscured. The elder races of men, amongst whom man was more though he had not yet *become* so much, had a childlike feeling of sympathy with all the gifts of the Infinite; for example, with strength, beauty, and good fortune; and even the *involuntary* had a sanctity in their eyes, and was to them a prophecy and a revelation: hence the value they ascribed, and the art of interpretation they applied, to the speeches of children, of madmen, of drunkards, and dreamers.

As the blind man knows not light, and through that ignorance also of necessity knows not darkness, so likewise, but for disinterestedness we should know nothing of selfishness, but for slavery nothing of freedom: there are perhaps in this world many things which remain obscure to us for want of alternating with their opposites.

Derham remarks in his Physicotheology that the deaf hear best in the midst of noise, as for instance during the ringing of bells, &c. This must be the reason, I suppose, that the thundering of drums, cannon, &c. accompany the entrance into cities of princes and ministers, who are generally rather deaf, in order that they may the better hear the petitions and complaints of the people.

Poetry.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

TO ISOLINA.

To be wroth with those we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
Coleridge.

Oh! must it be so? Must thine image be,
Through the long lapse of all my future years,
A madness and a mockery to me,
That glows amid my heart's corroding tears?
Must we in anger part—for ever part,
Without one solace for the bleeding heart?

I once did love thee—'tis no shame to own—
Deeply and fondly as adores a saint
The highest, purest star that gleams alone
In the blue depths of heaven, which none may
paint;
I loved thee as the bulbul loves the flower,
That blooms and breathes and withers in an hour.

E'en now I turn, and o'er the waste of years,
A broken spirit and a bruised heart, trace
The charm, the magic of thy smiles and tears,
The heaven that met me in thy soft, sweet face:
And still to thee my crushed affections soar
And mourn o'er hopes lost—lost for evermore.

When first we met and looked, and loved, the past
With all its woes vanished from my brain;
Thy form was like the Peri of the waste
Whose smile is heaven in world of pain.—
Alas! 'twas but the radiance of a dream
That left me wo in its departing gleam.

Thy blessing was a blight of life's best hours;
Thy soft embrace the serpent's deadly wreath;
Thy kiss, a poison hid in heavenly flowers,
Thy look breathed madness and thy voice spoke
death.

How could'st thou rend the heart thou would'st not
kill?

Why did me part—yet kiss and linger still?

Why fold thy snowy arms around a heart
Thy deep unkindness fill'd with utter wo?
Why to my soul Elysian bliss impart,
Life's lingering anguish only to bestow?
Why bid me hope—to feel the last despair?
Point me to heaven—when hell alone was there?

O Isolina! thou wert made as fair
As Asrael, ere the withering bolt was hurled,
That pierc'd the seraph with a fiend's despair,
And drove him—dark destroyer o'er the world
Thou wert as lovely as that eastern flower,
Who touches, droops, and dies within an hour.

Thou wert as innocent and free from guile
My fond heart fancied as a cradled child:
How bright, how sweet thy ever radiant smile!
How thy soft voice my wasted heart beguiled!
Beguiled—alas! of all its hopes below,
Then scorned and banished to unpitied wo.

I deemed thee all the poet loves to paint—
Full of young loveliness and tender love,
In soul an angel and in heart a saint:
Earth's fair inhabitant but born above;
I may not think—I dare not tell thee now
What my heart murmurs o'er thy broken vow.

Had'st thou been all my trusting heart believ'd thee,
I had not loved as I do hate thee now;
Oh! hadst thou never in thy pride deceived me,
I had not blessed as I do curse the vow
My willing homage to a siren paid,
Who heard and smiled—who listened and betrayed.

Farewell! the voice of all-confiding truth
No more salutes me in my wandering way;
Farewell! the morning glory of my youth
Already darkens in earth's troubled day;
Farewell! I loved thee as a dream of heaven—
Dissolved in darkness at the moment given.

We part—not as we met in other hours,
Radiant with love and rapture's magic glow,
But blighted—broken—and our passion's powers
Linked in a living web of fear and wo:—
Alas! the easing of my own heart throws
Its thoughts o'er thee:—blest be thy gay repose!

Sleep Isolina! and bright dreams be thine
Of triumph o'er a heart that throbb'd and bled
Alone for thee, with passion too divine
To doubt—till love and every hope had fled;
On the dark wreck enjoy thy placid sleep—
And may'st thou never—never wake to weep!

Once more, farewell! my barque is on the main,
My native land is o'er the stormy sea;
I cannot tear from out my heart and brain
One thought to leave behind—save agony!
Farewell! my Memory in thy soul expire,
And Hope attend thee with her golden lyre.
L.F.

TO A FRIEND ON THE LOSS OF HIS CHILD.

Not every bud that grows
Shall bloom into a flower
Not every hope that glows
Shall bear its prospering hour.

A blight the bud may sever,
The hope be quench'd for ever.

In every joy there lurks
An impulse of decay.
With silent speed it works,
While all without is gay;
Ere yet we dream of ruin,
The breach is past renewing.

Yet, like the bending bough
From some dead weight released,
The spirits bound, we know not how,
When woo's first press hath ceased;
But this may ne'er be spoken
Of heart or bough that's broken.

There is a pulse in man
That will not throb to grief;
Let us do all it can
That pulse will bring relief:
We feel, though self-accusing,
That pulse its balm diffusing.

Since human hopes are vain,
And joy remaineth not,
'Tis well that human pain
When dealt, is thus forgot.
The smile shall leave no traces
The tear itself effaces.

Then if apart from all
Thou still indulge the tear,
Too early doom'd to fall
Warm on thine infant's bier,
War not with nature's sorrow,
For peace will come to-morrow.

Or should reviving peace
E'en now be kindly given,
Oh! suffer us to cease,
And thank indulgent Heaven,
That breathes the breath of healing
On wounds of deepest feeling.

SONG.

ON A FADED VIOLET.

The odour from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me!
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow taint,
Death came with friendly care:
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

Obituary.—It is now our painful duty to record the death of WILLIAM BAYARD, Esq. who expired on Monday evening last, in the 65th year of his age.

After a long life of public and private usefulness, Mr. Bayard has sunk into the tomb, deeply lamented by the whole community. As a merchant, he has always ranked pre-eminent for enterprise and liberality; as a man, for sterling integrity and exalted worth; as a philanthropist, for charity and benevolence; and, as a husband, father, and friend, for kindness, indulgence, and firmness.

For many years, Mr. Bayard had been President of the Chamber of Commerce, Savings Bank, &c. At all meetings to promote the public welfare, he was ever called upon to preside, for his name added weight and respectability to every measure with which he was connected. There is not an individual in our community, whose character and actions, approached so near the exalted family of the ancient Medici. On the announcement of Mr. Bayard's death, the flags of our public buildings and shipping, were hoisted at half mast.

When a hero, statesman, or poet, dies, public demonstrations of regret are expressed; we know not how such a course would accord with the feelings of his afflicted family and friends, but if there ever was a man in this city, whose memory deserves to be cherished, that man was William Bayard.

This is no unmerited eulogy, on the contrary, we are convinced that those who read this brief tribute to his worth, will feel our powers are not adequate to do his memory the justice it deserves.

Yale College.—At the late commencement of this institution, a hundred gentlemen graduated, a larger class than any that has, probably, ever graduated in this country before. We have attended many commencements of different colleges, and we have never witnessed more interesting performances than those of the late senior class of Yale.

At night the blooming faces and bright eyes of the East were congregated at the ball-room; some of the beauty of our own city was there, and ever and anon we observed, gliding through the maze of the

dance, the gentle and delicate forms of some dark-eyed daughters of the South.

IDLE HOURS.

The Latin chorus, of monkish origin, which Scott has used with fine effect, and which is so happily introduced in the cathedral scene of Goethe's *Faust*, possesses a singular and peculiar impressiveness.—Whether this arises more from the solemn monotony of the triple rhyme than from the grandeur and awfulness of the thought, is a problem which needs some consideration. It is a remark of Mad. de Stael that "the repetition of the same words seems to convey the idea of inflexible necessity;"—had she said "sounds" instead of "words" the remark would have been equally true and more comprehensive.

This reiteration, at intervals, of the same words, is used with great effect by the ancient poets. How powerfully are inconsolable sorrow and irretrievable bereavement expressed in the repeated burst,

"Αἰ; αἰ; τὰν Κυβερταῖαν—ἀπολεῖτο καλὸς Ἀδωνίς,"

in Bion's epitaph on Adonis. How much of the pertinacity of grief, that will not be comforted, is there in the retracted invocation,

"Ἀρχέλει Σικελικαί το πένθεσσι ἀρχέλει Μωσαί."

in the lament of Moschus over the death of Bion.

Theocritus indulges in this practice to a greater extent than perhaps any other of the ancients. In his first Idyll, he repeats the invocation "Ἀρχέλει βοσκάλικας Μωσαί." &c." with a partial alteration, eighteen times in seventy-six lines. In his "Pharmaceutria" he repeats nine times in fifty lines, the burthen

"Ἰὼ, ἔλκε το τῆσσι γὰρ πολὶ δάμα ἰὼν ἀνδρά."

which also Virgil has beautifully imitated in his 8th eclogue

"Ducite, ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim."

But we have strayed from the purpose with which we took up our pen, which was to show the intimate resemblance which the old monkish chorus bears to a poem of the Earl of Boscommon, entitled "the day of Judgment." For instance,

"Dies ire, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla."

Chorus.

"The day of wrath, that dreadful day
Shall the whole world in ashes lay."

Roscommon.

* Virgil has imitated this very happily.

"Incipe, mæualeos mecum, mea ticia, versus."

Again—

"Judex, ergo cum sedabit,
Quidquid latet, adparebit,
Nul inultum remanibit."

Chorus.

"The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known;
And all with shame confess their own."

Again—

"Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus?
Quem patiorum, rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?"

Chorus.

"Oh then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?"

Roscommon.

Here are assuredly "two Dromios" not Lycacusan and Ephesian, but Latin and English. One thing is certain, they are not twin born.

We have read with much pleasure "Remarks on the character and writings of John Milton," from "The Christian Examiner." We do not advert to this very able essay for the purpose of offering our readers an analysis of it, but merely to quote a passage of great force and eloquence.

Poetry is a holy inspiration, it raises its possessor, on angel wings above the dull realities of this mercenary world, and throws an Amaranthian bloom on every thing it touches. Beneath its magic touch, all nature starts into new life; it has a charm and a fascination, which commends itself to the bosom of the rudest as well as the most refined people. We are aware that there are some minds, for whom poetry has no charms, but on the contrary produces pain. So also, music affects some to sickness; while thunder, or other loud and discordant sounds is pleasing to their souls. Some again look on the chiselled marble, as they would on the rough block. While others contemplate it with such enthusiasm as if it were a creation of the Deity, only wanting breath and volition to make it a perfect being.

We will not indulge farther in any remarks of our own, but proceed to the following extract, on Poetry.

"We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling than or-

dinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are now wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal beings. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and source of poetry. He, who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new' for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaical character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty and happiness, for which it was created.

"We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the greatest instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from pressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True; poetry has been made the instrument of

vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions, but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life."

DESULTORY THOUGHTS AND SKETCHES.

NO. VIII.

We now proceed to fulfil the promise made in our last, and sketch

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

It was an evening in the month of August, that I entered the village of—not above seventy miles from New-York. I had travelled all day; both myself and horse, were miserably jaded, by rough roads, a burning sun, and myriads of tantalizing insects which had exerted on us their venomous stings, with the utmost pitch of malice.

At intervals during the day, copious showers of rain descended, followed by bright and scorching glimpses of sunshine, reminding me how quickly smiles and tears succeed each other, and how nearly grief and joy are allied. Occasionally I heard the rolling of distant thunder, as if the invisible was marching on the impene-

trable clouds, that hung their dun draperies in the eastern sky, from which I marked the wild lightning darting in many antic figures.

In the west the sun was setting in all the golden splendour of a summer's eve, like the holy christian, who, after a life of trial and tribulation, of sorrow and suffering, gives the world a bright example of the contentedness and peacefulness, with which he sinks into the arms of death; and after the toils and buffets of this contentious world, he, smiling, leaves each earthly scene, in the blessed hope, that he will arise in a brighter world, where neither cloud nor storm, can disturb the tranquillity of the eternal day to come. This is a scene I have often witnessed; and he who can look upon it with apathy, or who, as he gazes, feels not a holy inspiration, is incapable of the finest, and most heavenly sensations of humanity.

I observed, a few doors from the tavern at which I alighted, a lady, sitting on the stoop of a white painted dutch-looking house, shaded by three or four venerable elms gazing on me with the eye of eager curiosity. I glanced an instant upon her, and thought she strove to read the soul-deep secrets of my nature. I paid little attention to this, at the time, imagining that, ladies who pass a country life, have so little of their own business to attract their attention, and see so few new faces in their village, find an antidote to ennui in the appearance of a stranger.

I now handed my nag to a white pated clown, whose drawling tone, and lifeless step, informed me he knew little and cared still less, for the stir and bustle of the world; and, whose unambitious soul, was contented to vegetate on his native soil, unconcerned about the strife and energy of a crowded city—happy that he could spend a life of sloth and inactivity. I saw him lead my horse to the stable, whistling as he went, in all the carelessness of a thoughtless heart. To every question I asked, and every order I gave, he replied in a monotonous voice, "Yes, sir." I now entered the tavern, and ordered supper, which, while it was being prepared, I retired to the chamber my host appointed for me, to change my dress, after the day's long journey. When I descended again, instead of entering the "Travellers' Parlour," I made my way into an apartment which, I afterwards learned was my landlady's drawing-room, nursery, buttery, store house—indeed that

was the rendezvous of all strayed children, pigs and poultry; the resort of prating old women, of gossiping maidens, and amorous swains; and the general receptacle of empty liquor bottles, pies, puddings, cigar boxes, and a thousand (to me) nameless things, for which, none but the country bred, could possibly imagine a use.

My object in choosing this apartment was, that I might study character: bent on this object it has been my delight to mingle freely with whatever company chance throws in my way, and mark their physiognomies in every shade. In my studies, I have never been wholly guided by Aristotle, Theophrastus, Lavater, Le Brun, or Cross—many rules of these writers I have found erroneous, and therefore, by my own observation, I have set down certain data, which have generally proved satisfactory to myself. Physiognomy is entirely doubted by some; believed in by many to a limited extent; while there are only a few who, new-fangled, put full credit in it as a science; phrenology being the fashion. How fashions change! Thirty years ago, no philosopher dreamed of such a thing as phrenology; Lavater's essays were in every hand, and his maxims on every tongue. Now, in the fashionable world, among those who join in the raging mania no matter how preposterous, physiognomy is too unphilosophical to be thought seriously of, by a calm and sober mind; nothing can decide the character but the bumps, alias organs of the skull. I do not mean to doubt phrenology. I neither believe it, nor disbelieve it, because I have not examined the subject; but I am sure that whoever will give physiognomy a reasonable and dispassionate examination; whoever, not wholly so enlightened as place it on a par with Witchcraft, Palmistry, and Astrology, will assuredly find that there is not a passion which attacks human nature, but is marked in the face, voice and gesture. The face is emphatically the index of the heart: the magic glass, where every feeling of our nature passes in review.

It is beyond the power of man to make physiognomy one of the exact sciences, and those matter of fact people, who discredit every thing that cannot be reduced to mathematical demonstration, must despair of ever being physiognomists. Who can measure exactly, the pitch of a man's genius? Who can ascertain the precise

strength of his temper, or the force of his love? No man. If mankind were to believe those things only which are capable of being reduced to demonstration, they would be incredulous indeed—such a course would attack the foundation of our holy creed.

I may be digressing from my sketch, but I cannot omit this moment to add a few words more on my favourite science. What is physiognomy? I believe that very few of the unthinking, and even many of the thinking class of men, have else than a vague and confused notion of its true meaning. It is, that, art or science, which, by the features of the face, voice, and gesture only, is told the temper, mind, and inclination of men. Till a more beseeching time, I shall say nothing further on the subject, but now resume my sketch.

When I entered the apartment above mentioned, I found the inmates consisted of a fine buxom landlady, who, though a little up in years, still showed the remains of beauty which, doubtless, greatly enamoured her "liege lord." Round her sported and quarrelled and squalled, three white curly headed urchins, who ever and anon appealed to their mother, as the arbitress of their petty disputes; and she, seeming powerless of all maternal controul, commanded in a loud, harsh, yet affectionate tone, the troublesome brats to be silent, which they as little heeded, as if it were the howling of the wind.

In one corner, a lady apparently a visitor, sat on a rocking chair, moving to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock. She seemed to have attained that time of life, called, "a certain age," a term so very indefinite, that it has puzzled both physiologists and physiognomists to fix the precise period to which it belongs—perhaps phrenologists can settle the matter—it is neither youth nor old age; old enough, yet not too old to marry. It is, I believe, somewhere about that time, when, a tell-tale wrinkle, or an envious grey hair, speaks more than the rosy bloom of the cheek is willing to confess.

I entered with much sang froid, took a chair, and made myself as much at home, as if I had been in my own bachelor's hall. "Good day to you, Sir" said the landlady.

"Good day, Madam, I replied. Mum. kept the lady of "a certain age."

Squal, squal, squal went the brats.

"Children," cried the mother, "can't ye keep quiet: don't ye see the gentle,

man? My good Sir, I do not believe there are such unruly children in the country as mine. Ellen, I say; Ben, you young rogue: Mary, my dear, why won't you keep still. I guess I shall have to send for your Pa. Sir, I try all in my power to make the children peaceable, but I cannot manage them: they are noisy, quarrelsome little rogues."

Ben, a forward little fellow, about five or six years old, notwithstanding his mother's harrangue, now came running to me, and climbed on my lap—Ellen, who seemed to be about two years older, when she saw that received her brother kindly, with all the jealousy of human nature, while exhibits itself in every age, came immediately with a bounce against me, which Ben, who by prior possession seemed to consider himself privileged to reign sole master of my good graces, showed a selfishness that characterizes man from the cradle to the grave. This produced a quarrelling and bickering between the children, when the mother again interposed her maternal authority—"Children, I tell ye Ellen, come away from the gentleman; don't you see that little Mary behaves herself like a lady. Ellen, I say, why won't you hear me. Good Sir, put the children away."

"Do not disturb yourself Madam, they are fine looking children."

"Indeed Sir, if they were only as good as they look, I should be satisfied.—Ellen if you don't leave the gentleman immediately I shall certainly whip you."

The threat had no avail; but in a few minutes, as the contention waxed more violent, she gave her daughter Ellen, a slap or two, which sent the girl whimpering out of the room.

"Ben, you idle fellow, leave the gentleman, or I will do as much for you. You won't? Well there is your Pa coming, he will settle you I guess." It was so, for a loud step was heard in the hall, and ere the landlord could enter the room, Ben darted to a corner, and squatted as mum as a mouse.

"Will the gentleman eat supper, inquired the tall raw-boned publican, who now entered the room.

"I can have no objections certainly, after a long journey," said I, and arose to depart, when quick as fire, the lady of "a certain age," who, tho' her tongue had heretofore been silent, her eyes had not been idle, inquired,

"Have you travelled far to-day."

"About forty miles, Madam."

"I guess you came from the East."

"No Madam."

"Then from the West?"

"I did."

"From New-York?"

"Even so."

"Perhaps you are going to stay awhile in our village?"

"Perhaps I may," was my laconic reply.

"I guess you are on business."

"I am a man of leisure entirely."

"Then, I suppose, as you have no business here, and as there is no scenery worth seeing in our part of the country, you are on a visit to some of our fair villages. I guess you are married."

"Madam, as I am anxious for my repast, if you will excuse me farther interrogatories at present, I will be obliged to you" and I added sarcastically—"if I should be so happy as to meet you to-morrow, it will give me infinite pleasure to give you every particular of my history from my birth till the present hour, as well as all the speculations, which at present engage my attention."—So saying, I walked out of the room.

When seated at the supper table, in the "Travellers parlour," my mind reverted to the scene that had just passed.

"Who the devil can this inquisitive woman be, thought I. What can the knowledge of my history profit her? With what a prying and malicious look she surveyed me; with what an eager and backbiting tone she questioned me. I certainly do not like her physiognomy. It is curious too, that she should have kept so long silent; indeed a miracle to see such a woman remain mum one moment, especially when her eyes scanned me from top to toe, at least a thousand times, and with such an inquisitive gaze that she quite outstared me. Why she examined me even more critically, than she of the Dutch looking house: and when I arose, with what an eager tone she edged in her interrogations, and how disposed she seemed to carry on the conversation, even as life or death depended upon it."

She certainly had an inquisitive look, a searching eye, and a malicious smile.

I have generally found that he who minutely examines the face and gesture, seldom pays much attention to the dress, tho' it must be admitted, that character is seen in costume. I did not however mark any striking peculiarity in the apparel of

she of "a certain age.—She seemed like other villagers in that respect, if any thing perhaps a little quader—but what she really wore, I will not take upon me to say. It behoves all travellers to narrate that only which they have actually seen, and really know: it is very wrong to indulge in guesses or surmises; or look with a partial and prejudiced eye, on scenes or people, that have come under their observation. One deviation from truth, or one single circumstance narrated by a jaundiced eye, is very apt to stamp the whole journal as no better than a romance in the minds of sober and matter-of-fact men. As I believe the truth of my sketches has never once been questioned I am the more sensitive, and the more determined to adhere to facts.

The physiognomy of this curious lady of "a certain age" struck me so forcibly that I remember it well. Her face was not the oval, which I esteem the sweetest outline of female beauty, but she was a long, lank jawed creature, whose appearance taken all in all, reminded me more of the Dutch nut cracker faces, which we sometimes see in toy shops, than any thing else that occurs to my mind at present. Her hair was as red as fire, and her cheeks, possessed more of a brownish, than a rose-red hue, withal, much disfigured with freckles. Her forehead was not high, but of a well sided shape, which always expresses more of a selfish and unfeeling character, than an exalted mind. Her eyes were small, deep sunken, and piercing, whose colour was a deep orange. The nose, in my opinion, marks more of the character, than perhaps any other feature, not even the eyes. Le Brun gives the preference to the eyebrows. Well, her nose was of that cast, which I denominate the cat, or tyger, for the characteristics of which, I refer my readers to the nature of the animals, whose names designate the feature. Her mouth was large and lipless; and at almost every word she spoke, showed a malignant and sarcastic grin, while her chin was so retreating, that, like Willie Wastle's wife's, it threatened bodily harm upon her nose. In stature she was about the middle size, but of slender make, a general characteristic of fretful and malicious people.

Disagreeable as she was to me, I resolved to know more about her: and having finished my repast, I arose, and again entered my landlady's boudoir.

(To be concluded in our next.)

England, &c.—The writer of the reply to "Vindex," is informed, that when he requests the insertion of his article in a *proper manner*, the Editor of this paper will, say, whether or not, he is *pleased to permit* it to appear. High words are lost in this quarter.

Vindex did no more than an honourable man ought to do, in maintaining the insulted honour of his country. The Editor of this paper respects such feelings, and, in his individual capacity, he now states distinctly, that, neither in opinion nor feeling, does he join in Mr. Fairfield's denunciations against the island of his forefathers. Business has hitherto, prevented him from expressing himself at length on this subject; but, if no other person steps forward, as the champion of England, he will do his best to justify her. He did not permit Mr. Fairfield to occupy his columns, from a conviction of the correctness of "Four months in Europe," but from a disposition to oblige, and to allow a freedom of discussion in his paper. Be it once, for all, understood, to the writer of the article in question, that he must use no more *big words*; we are not fond of them, and he will gain nothing by using them.

Will "Vindex" acquaint us with his address. We are desirous, for particular reasons, to become acquainted with him, and we should be gratified with an interview.

Miscellaneous.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR
WHAT YOU WILL.

Continued from our last.

And yet "Twelfth Night" was celebrated in former France. One of the courtiers used to be chosen king, and the king himself and the nobles obeyed him. In Germany, too, it is (or was) kept up with joke and banquetting; and in England we have still our Saturnalian revivals. These are censured by good master Bourne, "our ancient," I believe; but for mine own part I love to see them. I love to see an acre of cake spread out, (the sweet frost covering the rich earth below,) studded all over with glittering flowers, like ice-plants, and red and green knots of sweatmeats, and hollow yellow-crusts crowns, and kings and queens, and their paraphernalia. I delight to see a score

of happy children, sitting huddled all round the dainty fare, eyeing the cake and each other, with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. I like to see the gazing silence which is kept so religiously while the large knife goes its round; and the glistening eyes which feed beforehand upon the huge slices, dark with citron and plums, and heavy as gold. And then, when the "characters" are drawn, is it nothing to watch the peeping delight which escapes from their little eyes? One is proud, as king; another stately, as queen; then there are two whispering grotesque secrets which they cannot contain; (these are Sir Gregory Goose and Sir Tunbelly Clumsy.) The boys laugh out at their own misfortunes, but the little girls (almost ashamed of their prizes sit blushing and silent. It is not until the lady of the house goes round, that some of the more extravagant fictions are revealed. And then, what a roar of mirth! Ha! ha! the ceiling shakes, and the air is torn. They bound from their seats, like kids, and insist on seeing Miss Thompson's card. Ah! what merry spite is proclaimed, what ostentatious pity! The little girl is almost in tears; but the large lump of allotted cake is placed seasonably in her hands, and the glass of sweet wine "all round" drowns the shrill urchin laughter, and a gentler delight prevails.

I am not one of those who love to breed up children seriously, or to make them moral rather than happy. Let them be happy innocently, and the other will follow of course. A good example is a good thing. Give them that, and spare your precept. Oh! I like to see the pleasures of children. They enjoy to-day, and care not for to-morrow. Their path is strewn with roses; the heaven is blue above them, and life is a gay race which all feel sure to win. Some indeed there are, outcasts of fortune, who have to make their way over the rough stones and barren places,—beggars from their birth. It pains me to see those many little faces, frost-nipped, which are pressed against pastry-cooks' windows—Lazarites at the rich men's tables. I do not enjoy their famished looks and roving eyes, and watering mouths half opened. Oh! no: I pity those poor denizens of the streets, inheritors of the cold air. They have no privilege, but to ask—and be refused: no enjoyment, save hungry idleness: no property. Or rather they are "tenants in common" with the bird of passage,

and the houseless dog; they have the fierce sun or the inclement sky: nothing further. Their "liberty" is without even its "crust."

(To be continued.)

THE AGE LIST.

JOSEPH SAYRE, of Delaware co. N. Y. is particularly disinclined to pay for the paper.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga county, has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence co. has not paid.

To be continued.

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the *Minerva*, which paper I published about fourteen months ago, and which was incorporated with the *New-York Literary Gazette*, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List: no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly or unjustly; but when once inserted there it shall remain.

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